

A GOOD MEAL

A Letter to Ripper X, for his "Reincarnation, Sciencetology, Ghosts ... a Hodgepodge of Evil", "Tears, Blood, and Booze" at BlackPlague.org forum.

The cosmos has been chocked by life. I affirm everything as I know there's nothing for me to affirm. Nietzschean affirmation was never supposed to be about openness in an enlightening liberating way or open-ness at all; its blade thirsts for butchering and hunting all traces of economical ground-based openness (as economical openness has nothing to do with closure but parsimony and the grotesque domestications), devouring the entire survival economies based on the political ground of 'being open' [1].

Affirmation [2] does not make you open to the world but closes you progressively through the grotesque domestications of economical openness, makes you more solid and economically open, more moralized and more ideal for the boundary whose uncontrollable machinery is based on transforming openness to affordance [3], and loyalty to survival economy. It is not about how much you are open but how much you afford. It buries you under the ground of survival economy and its affordances. *Being open* is the ultimate trick of *affordance* and the domesticated interfaces of the boundary with the outside; it presents itself as an openness, particularly on the inevitably secured(ing) plane of *being open* (being open to, being open-minded, etc.) and not *being opened*. 'Being open', politically and cautiously, economizes the survival economy as an economical, heavily but slyly appropriated sphere of affordance (J. J. Gibson) (not referring to the restricted affordance of one or multiple systems through communicative nexuses but the whole environment, the horizon.) "I am open to you." means, I have the capacity to bear your investment or 'I afford you' (this is not my conservative voice but what arises as the fundamental noise produced by the machinery of different levels of organization and boundary, and finally the Survival Economy); if you exceed this capacity I will be *cracked, lacerated and laid open*.

However, affirmation is a 'Strategy' [4] to call and bring an epidemic Openness which always comes with plague, base-

communication and participation, contamination and pandemic horror; it trails your solid state, your dwelling system that is to say your *niche* or Hieddegerian *raum* [5] (dwelling / accommodating systems), your subsistence and survival economy: *libban*, *lifian*. It doesn't need to run after you, it hunts you down from where you will be (*Whereness*) [6]. Openness always knows how to hunt. It (un)folds as an internal cut from where you haven't seen before and you can't see it in the future (it is the blindness) ... emerging and running through your body as a surgical machine -- gaseous, odorless, with a metallic wisdom of an scalpel -- cutting you; tearing apart, spreading and opening out molecule by molecule ... cutting through the nonhuman depths ... crawling across your gulfs of illness and butchering you through its rectal depths. If anatomy is cutting from up to down to examine the body hierarchically as a transcendental dissection ... then the katatomy [7] of openness does not cut anatomically, it butchers everything through the pink depths of the darkness spreading as an unground between the molecules (yours?) ... katatomy of openness is the experience of unground ... Openness only needs to be triggered off.

Openness is not the anthropomorphic desire of *being open* but *being opened*, lacerated and laid open. *Openness (and being opened)* is the War, it needs strategies to work. Affirmation is a vector to Strategy.

To become open and experiencing the chemistry of openness (*Unground*) is impossible by opening yourself (a regularized desire germinated on the maneuvering lines of boundary, horizon: *horismos* and inter-strata transformations at the organizational level) but affirmable by messing yourself up: erecting yourself as a solid and molar volume exposed before the lethal radiations of the Sun and the rest of the killer planets (Maraka), securing your horizon, immersing yourself deep into your immune system, sealing yourself off from any danger, ..., going deeper into your human hygiene, being more fruitful to Survival Economy and finally, taking 'being open' as your grotesque domestication which all mean summoning and bringing a faceless plague and a lethal radiation and disease imminent to all immunity systems, all boundaries, all monolithic and molar volumes ... Then it arrives cryptogenic, as the Plague of Openness (opening and being opened at the same time), with no trail or extension, anonymously and subtlety (Openness is

Anonymous until Now, the incognitum hactenus [8]), as a hunter who is an *already-there*, uncoats you bits by bits (the only question could be asked is 'where does it start from; head, face, nerves or the cavities?'), eating and grinding you as vegetable and mineral; turning you into a fine meal, into a new meat . . . *a new food, for a new earth* (Deleuze).

Yazidian (the Satanists of ancient Persia) for the first time, discovered that "*when it comes to darkness, we must think strategically.*" ... to affirm the Life-Satan (call it Druj-, Malec Tavoos or Satan), we must engage with it through a strategic *communication* that is to say not by affirming positively but by strategically turning ourselves into meals, good meals, acting as an affirming decoy to spark the hunt, to strategically conjure up the life-Satan: be a good meal, be a decoy. Unlike the western Satanist cults, they don't take the annihilationist evil as their Satanist blueprint (they are not annihilationists) ... they summon the life-Satan through the cutting edge of the Asiatic Peace (horror) [9]. To surrender yourself to the ecstasy of Satan (the life-horror, epidemic openness or the divine) you MUST try to purify yourself from ugliness, participate in numerous hygiene courses, take a quotidian and in the same degree extremely systematic and institutionalized life as your own life-style (living), both physically and mentally attempt to be away from defilement ... you should just try to make A Good Meal out of yourself for the life-Satan and its Nihilist-Complex, you should make a decoy out of yourself ... this way you strategically lure the life-Satan to tear you to shreds; in this case, the intensity of life-Satan, you experience is unthinkable ... you become an unground to all defilements, horrors, and darkness which life-satan pours into the systems and organizations. According to Yazidian, the Satan, always lands on those who *live* and we must *live* (in the most organizational aspect of this process) to affirm such a catastrophic intensity of upheaval. It's war and we must think both strategically and pestilentially. Now, you see the irony of the food chain which traverses not only theism, but also liberal politics, and socio-political survivals, angelic wings, etc. Every yang you drop in your pocket means accumulating more excitation for the life-satan.

This is the case: you should make yourself a new fresh meal: Obelisk, monolithus, the world *tree*, etc. But how can we turn ourselves into a new food, an ultimate food for the

openness emerges to consume us as it is consumed as well not to the point of purgation but involution of the compositional mess? (Make yourself a meal and the rest will be done: you will be served not as a guest but a meal; you are served to be half eaten [10] and enzymed.) Here comes the plague. Epidemic openness devours and butchers you with an absolute intensity to such a level at which openness loses all its meanings: wide-open, open-minded or broad-open as the subjectively accommodated(ing), appropriated(ing) and spatio-logical modes all unfold as the crap-words (mere commodities of affordance) ... openness not in the sense of wide-open (fitting the docile politicians of survival economy) but devoured-open, lacerated, being torn to shreds, cracked and laid open, or to be precise, strategic engagement, communion, active communication, playing as an accompaniment and base-participation. There is nothing disturbing here but pure love of the plague, eating you greedily since openness is being open and opened concurrently: The god is a psychopath lover; ... is sick of love.

This is why gods take solar voyages to come to the ground and become the dead gods. They come to open, to eat and defile, to immerse themselves in mess. The Dead God is a god who has taken an avatar or has fallen to the *grund* (the so-called chthonic [11] god). The word 'avatar' that is the reality of chthonic communication suggests the labyrinthine voyage of the dead god as a chthonic openness (being open and opened) remarkably brilliant and deviously sinister. Avatar [12] translates itself as a chthonic or a death mask coming from the Sanskrit 'to descend', namely, the rectal depths of darkness or the blackening energies of fall, *katabasis* and descent which the gods undergo and through which transmute to the dead gods [13]. The falling God is nothing but an openness which seeks to open and be opened, eat and be eaten. The dead god is not the tired, abolished or doomed God but the god(s) with its ultimate weapon of catastrophic devastations; a plague coming on earth to make the ground an unground of a pestilential but infernally-filled-of-love Openness, doing a secular but sacred crime: opening itself by eating and infecting the other and opening the other by turning itself to a corpse, a cold meat being chewed, scavenged and half-eaten away by everything on the earth, then being exhumed for a love making: a necrophilic mess.

In *Begotten* (the movie, directed by Elias Merhige), the God cuts himself open with a razor blade, running into his

Black&White entrails; jerking, bending, twisting, coiling, convulsing, melting, jarring and wanking off his innards while, for the first time, death-cruising his jelly-flesh, stepping into the plateau of black matter. After being liquidated (blooming as a corpse), a masked woman lurches out of the shadows, inseminating herself with the semen boiled out of the God's corpse. She gives birth to a dwarfish creature rendered through a human body (Mutant Dead God). *Mutant Dead God* is imminent to the Dead God and the God himself. The Mutant Dead God is the only solution that God and masculinity could find to introduce themselves to the rootless journey of *becoming woman*, by becoming 'It', a mutated coldy or a cold and mutating 'He': It.

'It' insinuates the pestilential solution masculinity found (invented) to mess up its closure, its rigidity, then, taking the flight of becoming woman, the cataflight of epidemic openness. Only through *becoming It*, masculinity and the God can transplant themselves in the body of *becoming woman* as 'prosthesis', A Good Meal' or 'it': 'He' can only affirm *becoming woman* by becoming *It*, by becoming a prosthesis, a good meal. Mutant Dead God is the ultimate Good Meal out of a necrophilic mess (coldies engineering) that masculinity can undergo for wasting itself on Zero; to be lacerated open at last; but how much semen the dead god can afford to disseminate the 'mutant dead gods'? We could not see the mutant dead god if the screen painted with semen to a desolated White or a luminous white sparkling in colorless liquids ... a screen blanketed with whiteness (Call it Moby Dick.)

Mutant dead god is not only a solution for traversing the GAS-plateau of *becoming woman* (communicating with its lines of flight) but also a cataclysmic solution for encountering the Mother of Abominations (the mother of all becomings). Upon such an immense femininity, *becoming woman* (through direct tactical lines) for masculinity is impossible; masculinity can only affirm the Mother of Abominations by becoming *it*, a cold waste dripping from the atrophied muscles of malelessness; jamming into *it* and becoming prosthesis. Mother of Abominations is not a she-male but a she-it ... a femininity fused with the prostheses, not merely life-support but of all sorts and kinds, a sponged unground of *it(s)*.

Sadegh Hedayat's *The Blind Owl* [14] illustrates such impossibility of the straight *becoming woman* on the dark

journey of Zero that masculinity encounters, and what a vividly dark illustration, what an experience ... this is exactly what Deleuze, unfortunately, missed in *becoming animal*, *becoming intense*, *becoming imperceptible*. To continue and engage *becoming woman*, masculinity must use its own ground and turn it against itself [15] through the GAS-fluxes of strategy and terminal tactics not to the point of destruction but a mutating and compositional mess of base-communication (an exhumed architecture over the ruins of masculinity), exhuming it to a fibroproliferative [16] unground that strategically affirms *becoming woman* ... in *becoming it* one becomes anonymous even to zero but *not* external to it.

The dead god is a God beyond judgment and mutant dead god is the mess imminent to it; a good meal out of the strategies of affirmation. The ambrosia or the food of the gods is prepared in such a diabolically possessed kitchen with dishes tottering on heat-snuffed ovens and floor embedded with mess; ambrosia plague (A Good Meal) is germinated through the epidemic depths of openness. I am dusting my blood as a crust to forge an *unground* through which the god is buried and then exhumed.

Openness only comes in the imperceptible recesses of infection: A faceless love.

Notes

[1] On 'openness' (being open and opened) also see: |Cata-|

[2] On 'affirmation and Nietzsche' see: |Cata-|

[3] On 'affordance' see: |Cata-| especially endnote 3

[4] "Tactic is the talent of handling troops in war and strategy is the art of bringing forces to the battle field." Field Marshal Earl Wavell

[5] On *raum* (room) or the *plenum* of capacity see: *Buildong Dwelling Thinking* in 'Poetry, Language, Thought', Martin Heidegger, trans. Albert Hofstadter, Harper Colophon Books, 1971; also |Cata-| at Cold Me

[6] On 'Whereness' and 'Where' see: |Pestis Solidus| and |Acephalous Mouths|

[7] See |Cata-|

[8] On Anonymous-until-Now (incognitum hactenus) see: |

Cata-| and |Pestis Solidus|

[9] See |Remarks on Asiatic Peace|

[10] See |Acephalous Mouth|

[11] 'Chthonic' (Greek) from *Khthon* (earth) and *Khthoniê* (She beneath the Earth: the Queen of the Underworld) relates to the twisted nether of the earth (katabasis of depth) so it is mostly used as the underworld, namely, the plutonic aspects of the earth as a lair for the gods who strategically affirm exhumation and unground. (Khthon: the teeth of the mother earth)

[12] Roger Caillois in *Les jeux et les homes* (translated to English under the title of *Man, Play and Game*, trans. Meyer Barash, University of Illinois Press, 2001) considers Masks as "secret weapons" of total disorder, metamorphosis and true social bonds. Now, Avatar as the chthonic or chthonic-making mask undergoes such metamorphoses, alliances and disorders. Mask is the delirial apparatus of 'becoming god' of a person while avatar is the opposite. Avatar is, first of all, a mask turned inside-out; it is a defacing equipment for the one who puts it on (it targets the host); since unlike masks, it radiates more at and to the inside rather than outside; masks radiate madness and avatar oozes blindness. This is why Mutant Dead God is born out of the cataclysm of vision. Avatar, this equipment and labyrinth in the cult of the dead god, more than being a mask is a sac into which the Dead God spills all his semen, all his excitement for becoming chthonic; it holds the hyper-excitement of the dead god.

[13] On 'Katabasis' see:| Cata-|

[14] Hedayat, Sadegh, *Blind Owl*, trans. D. P. Costello, Grove Press, 1989; or Hedayat, Sadegh, *Boof-e Koor* (Blind Owl), Siemorgh Publisher, Tehran

[15] On 'Exhumation' see: |Acephalous Mouth|

[16] On fibroproliferation of the *grund* (transcendental, architectural, etc); see: |Acephalous Mouth|